

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED 1821

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV.

WALKER, REED & CO.,
No. 708 Sanson Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

Three Dollars a Year, in Advance.
Five Cents, Five Dollars.

No. 45.

LITTLE LILY'S RIVAL: Or, The New Pet of the Family.

BY FLORENCE.

Oh, Lily dear, what art thou, sweet?
And why dost thou thy face
In clouds of jealousy and fear
Shroud other quickly chase?
Why dost thou stare, with anxious heart,
With sister and with brother?
What spirit dost thou have?
Katie checked her happy song?

But Lily answered not a word,
But gazed on the ocean.
And when a rival on the throne
Where once she reigned as queen,
As yet she cannot break the thought
That all the tender care
Her parents long bestowed on her
The baby, oh, must share.

She thinks herself neglected now,
And needs must feel annoy
To mark her father's glance fall
Upon the baby boy.
She feels an only child's pain,
The pang of childhood's days;
Oh, mother! poor Lily grieves
To see her mother's smile.

She sees a baby stranger claim
The honors of her place,
To see him, then, to see her
Her little heart to grieve.
She feels her own of happiness
Is suddenly of sorrow
And mortal of her own
The story of the past.

But childhood's sorrows are the sweet,
And Lily soon will know
That father's love and mother's love
Are hers still and true;
And soon her own will find
Towards the baby boy,
And soon the first will be
Dear Lily's pride and joy.

HAZELEY MILL.

By LOUISE CROW.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Pale as a corpse, breathless with tension, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silver kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table salt, two or three laborers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighborly pipe, when Katie appeared.

"To the mill to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I cannot open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lorndaken, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? Why what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Aye, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frantic girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living-room.

There had been spatters in the house of the aged couple—spatters and murders. On his own floor, killed in defense of his hand earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feeble endeavoring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the violence of the misfortune, mood Katie, incapable of the smothering and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old mother and witness, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! Oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and, bounding through the throng, ran wildly down the road towards Hazeley.

"That's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and, throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie, "where is he?"

But the mother could reply he entered, as ghostly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.



Katie Lily's Rival; or, the new pet of the family.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice hoarse with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said, miserably.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Re a reply could be given, the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother hung together in a closer embrace, while Mrs. Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to any one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came towards her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Mrs. Morris eagerly questioned.

"Did you know them?"

Katie hung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dream, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean this when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbors, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Mrs. Morris, recovering her usual composure, calmly dismissed them, and added his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; unconscious that when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavourably construed, had made Harvey a mark of and suspected man.

No trace of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered. It was surmised that, after securing

the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but absence of any evidence—no one but Katie having encountered them—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, some knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller; and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him up stairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrate; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle promises to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public-house on the roadside, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awaking from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pilfered his head, stolen.

That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sulky as people began to avoid and point at him, and the man with whom he worked to other overtures, to which his readiness to retract them with his fists only gave a deeper coloring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, or I shall be graded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said fiercely,

"when Katie hides her face from me, shrink away too, so if you believed me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him."

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to seek for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arm about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his misdeeds, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there's no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here! I'm like Ishmael; every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of this struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to what had occurred, now labored unobtrusively for his family.

Long before this, Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages, and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the idling dissipated man, but sober and studious by what had occurred, now labored unobtrusively for his family.

Her mother had lost the haggard look of overwork and want food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care, were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called her.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr. —, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night, and receive some final directions, &c.

So, gathering the wild roses and honey-suckles from the hedge-owes as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the office. It was an hospitable mansion, and it

was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged, featureless man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured, sick brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with sympathy, clutched his arm.

"Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but clinging to the outer door and holding it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a man some long time ago.

Then, with a shudder in his shuffling eye and staggering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"What are the men who went with you to Hazeley Hill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was started into silence; then, declaiming with a blasphemous superciliousness that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked. "help me! This man is a murderer! I can swear to the groans now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

My —, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county jail.

The excited girl felt rather than ran to the next little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? And now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston? He must be sent for at once."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you before this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my long-lost Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of these wretched sinners, murderers of the innocent and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their separation.

"I would stay my year," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved me is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all this is right and just, I too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing follows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old home, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to find a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as blue and clear, as the never-forgotten stream that still runs the weather-beaten wharfs of Hazeley Mill.

10

a skill and knowledge which could
 be the result of long practice.
 "I am a soldier," he said, "and
 I am strangely close at heart. Only his
 aim worried me."
 "What was in the grip of fate," he thought.
 "I fear not."
 For the answer, there came from the
 cliffs the sharp crack of a rifle, and pre-
 sently there was the hissing surge of a
 bullet in the sea unpleasantly close to the
 stern of the boat.
 For the girl's lips there burst a wild
 and of spirit like laughter.
 With a lunge of the hand she put the
 pistol hard over, and the boat, which had
 been running under the black shadow
 of the high, craggy rock, several
 feet into the moon open water, de-
 scended moonlight, rendering them and
 their little row much easily distinguishable
 objects.

100

CHAPTER X.

A STARTLING PITCH OF NEWS.

Lao retired to her boudoir after the departure of Harcourt on his pretended mission to inspect a property in North America, and, to console her maid, saying that she had letters to write, and did not wish to be interrupted.

100

she pressed her hair back from her
forehead; she clasped her hands together,
and compressed them.

"Alone, and for a week—a whole week
without him—a whole week to think
freely, unarmingly, to act. A week!
I could have done anything, anything
when he set me up." "It is ten years—
on thousand years—alone that—that
awful night. What has happened since
that has happened?—what?" I hunted the
English newspapers, *Gefinnung*—every
publication abroad which was likely to
give the particulars, or even to mention
the name, the perpetrator, the who
yet uttered the word "Murder!"

She writhed and twisted her hands,
and arms, and body into contortions with

1

"lips," "ed for what? Oh, foul! oh, foul! not to forsake that wealth which made me miser—no! and such miser—no! to make happiness! For the sake of wealth I have lived a life of luxury, and now, in the withering regions of Satan, I am hardly parallel. I have tied myself to man I loathe—who, like myself, is crushed under the weight of some tremendous secret which makes society to him a source of agonized apprehension. What is his secret? Can it resemble mine?"

"Yes," said he, "your hands tightly about my throat, and I am crushed under the same other throat, and laughed hysterically.

"Well stated," she exclaimed, sighing as if her heart would break. "Not a word have I heard respecting the pre-

10

He did not listen. Oh, heaven help me, I hope not! Yet, if he were to be alive now, what would not be the horror of my present mood, if I could see him? I have heard of him and lived. And the boy—the boy—so beautiful, so like his father. If I could but see him! No, no; he would curse me—curse me!"

She burst into a passion of tears, but presently, with an angry impatient, she pressed her burning eyelids with her hands in grief, and murmured:

"I have done my duty as man."

Her voice died with weeping. Still, this sentence is insupportable, and I must not do it. I must make inquiries. I must learn Tompion's fate, and what he became of the boy. But how, how?

100

"I have hit De Rougemont! He is a good fellow, but I don't know that I was afterwards more than pleasantly acquainted even with him. I am sure I married Harcourt. He will be sure to be in the park to-day. I will cross his path without appearing to seek him, and give him the chance of approaching me."

This decision was not sound arrived at. It was a decision which would not remember her toils. Never had she before taken more pains to make the most of her charms, and never before had she been more successful. She was in the very prime of life; her features, regular to a fault, were now fully, but not over-

15

She passed before her glass, which gave to her all her form, with its graceful, tasteful accessories of dress. Her smile was animated with the inspiration, and an smile of triumph carried her small, expressive lips. It was displayed by her of disdainful contempt.

"I have seen it, the sight of woman's ambition," she murmured, scornfully, "as I have seen it and known it—perhaps I may own that to myself. But not now—no, not now. I am sick and sore—I hate the very name of it. You love it not all a black to me. I sapre

11

[illegible]

1111

to fall like shining fringes over her eyes as though "man delighted not her, a woman neither." Yet not an equivocal with claims to superior position poses with its occupants unannounced by him a houseman with an aristocratic

Wm. A. R. T. WILLIAMS & CO., LTD.
LONDON, E.C. 4.

Moore.—The only sure remedy for warts of which we know is nitrate of silver (caustic arsenic). A piece prepared in a pill may be obtained at any drug store. Rub the wart with a corrodio, or scrape the top off with a pen-knife (not cutting), and touch with the caustic night and morning. The black stain will soon disappear.

KATE KRAEMER — "Heide Damm," by which she presumes you mean the cathedral of that name in Paris, denoted the church of "Our Lady." This cathedral is a history in itself. As it is a temple erected in the time of the Romans it was afterwards converted into a church by St. Denis, and was rebuilt and enlarged several times. It was reconstructed by King Robert, and enlarged by Louis the Great.

...of the eleventh century. During the next two hundred years it underwent many improvements, the last being made by the Duke of Burgundy, in expiation of the crime he committed in assassinating the Duke of Orleans.

W. H. A. writes: "Being one of your constant readers, I have come to you for advice under the following circumstances: I am a very old soldier and have just witnessed this question." The question was asked by a man who lives in a home where a person had died recently and its origin in the ancient hereditary disease of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is so old that it has been known to man since the time of A. D. 1190 to 1196. Recently several detachments of armoured men were ordered in front of houses where the nobility gathered died. These detachments were of the same race and the family arms, scattered and colored with red, and the family name, the operator at a station could not see the house of the family was dead.

A young man for some time past, and for the reason unknown to myself, he asked me to consent to a secret marriage with him. I refused, telling him I could not displease my parents by doing so, but that I knew they would consent to his marrying me publicly. Since then he has not been to see me, nor has he written for now over two months. I mention

"I am sorry," he said, "but I have no other choice. I must go now. I will try to find you again." He turned away, his face set in a grimace.

F. E. B. (Conneaut, Ohio).—"Which are the best breeds for ornamental purposes?" Although I answer your question with a

one of our space than perhaps is quite fair to devote to one correspondent, still, as we find the answer will be of great interest to hundreds of others of our readers who are desirous of planting trees and beautifying their grounds, we give herewith a list of some of the most common ornamental trees, both evergreen and deciduous, and also a list of a few of the most

sculpted trees and shrubs constitute the architecture of our gardens and lawns, and no matter how beautiful our dwelling houses may be, there will be a barrenness in the surroundings if there are not some trees and shrubs planted judiciously. The following is a list of the more prominent: *Acacia, Albizzia, Anacardium*

rose. Anise, yellow locust, alder, buck elm,
 ash, chestnut, larch, oaks, or golden chain,
 maple, magnolia, maple, mountain ash, red
 gum, tulip tree, thorn, hawthorn, yellow
 birch, willow, evergreen trees and shrubs:
 rib, vitis, cypress, juniper, pine, silver fir,
 cedar fir. Ornamental shrubs: Almond, sweet
 crab, dogwood, golden bell tree, carnation tree,

Dec.—"I am going to ask you what you may think a very silly question, but a friend and I are talking the matter over the other day, and we could not agree. It is this: Is sea-water (or sea or salt)? We do not think the question in any means a silly one, for there is considerable difference of opinion on this point. The

very gobetwixt impression that water, in the process of freezing, excludes substances held in solution, as it does spirits of wine for instance. Professor Tyndall, in one of his works says, "Even when water is saturated with salt, the crystallizing force steadily rejects the salt, and devotes itself to the congelation of the water alone. Hence the ice of sea water, when

ated, produces fresh water." In contradiction to this scientific theory, Dr. Mas, the well-known Arctic traveler, declares, as the result of his experience in endeavoring to obtain fresh water by melting sea-ice, that he was "never able to find sea-ice, *in situ*, either outside when cold or drinkable when thawed, it being invariably too salt." He says, nevertheless, that

But his party found rough ice, projecting a foot or two above the water level, which, from its wasted appearance and irregular form, was inferred to be the product of a previous winter, was always fresh, and gave good drinking water when thawed. He suggests, as a probable explanation of this, that the salt is not actually incorporated with the solid ice, but re-

ness as a concentrated brine, in minute cells, imprisoned in the frozen mass, and that these cells communicate with each other, so that when the ice is lifted above the general level it slowly drained off. He suggests that the truth of this theory may be experimentally tested by any expedition passing one or more winters in the Arctic Ocean, or by anyone liv-

U. S. M. (Pocahontas). The metre is the common standard of the French decimal system of weights and measures. The length of a metre is fixed as 443,300 lines, equal to 39.37099 of our inches. It is the unit of length; the arc, which

quadrant is the square metre, is the unit of
area measure; the litre, which is the thou-
sandth part of a cubic metre, is the unit of
capacity, and the gramme (or as it is sometimes
called, grain), which is the weight of one mil-
lionth part of a cubic metre of water at its
maximum density, is the unit of weight. Thus,
the metre is the standard of verification of all

gains and measures. A cubic metre of water weighs 1,000,000 grammes; a litre of water weighs 1,000 grammes, and is called a kilogramme. All weights and measures increase and decrease normally. Thus, ten metres are a decimetre, one hundred metres are a hectometre, one thousand are a kilometre, and ten thousand are a myriametre. One-tenth of a metre is called a decimetre.

...the same way, and also the litre, except that there is no *supralitre*. This system takes the reckoning of weights and measures easy as the United States money, and it is as easily learned (except the names) by children. Scientists now have used no cause for attempting an international system.

...improvement on the system, and it is generally called perfect. It is gradually coming into general use in all European countries except Great Britain, which is always averse to any change, and is now the system generally used everywhere by detective men. By act of congress in 1890, it was made a legal system here, but its use was not made compulsory. We have the advantage of the American system.

The equivalents of these measures in United States measures. The acre is 247.283 acres; the fathom, 6.096 of a mile. The acre is 120.9 square yards; the hectare is 2.471 acres. The litre is one fifth quart; the hectolitre is 2.471 gallons. The gramme is 15.432 grains Troy; the kilogramme is 3.5274 ounces avoirdupois; the megagramme is 2,204.6 pounds. From these data will be easy to ascertain the

... given in scientific tables, and obtain
... of their relative values. The
... of the metre, here and Astronomie (1,000
...) can easily be learned, and when once
... get these fixed in your mind you should
... be difficult in reading through or scientific
... papers.

1917/18/19 NEW BIRTH.—D. W. G.—New Zealand is about sixteen thousand million distant from Great Britain; its climate is considered inferior to that of Australia. A. H.—Strength of the body is for the most part constitutional. H. A. W.—We recommend you to reconsider the matter. You are far too young to undertake such a serious responsibility. See.

AND Ours.—The glass you speak of is
used to laundry work by means of melted
starch was being mixed with the starch before
the starch is used. J. W. K.—For a gathering
the ear, very often a toasted fig applied to
is one by way of a penicillin, is found very
effective. Kharov.—You cannot, by taking
ought, add anything to your diet.

... as I am not inclined with myself as you
... M. A. - We cannot discover anything like
... that your fancy represented in the picture in
... vision, and are certain nothing of the kind
... as intended. M. J. M. - Your letter is very
... well composed, but there is room for improve-
... ment in the handwriting. Love. - The 26th
... November, 1847. Tell on Tuesday.

...the young of a crow, but an independent
crow. The young is of the new group, but not
yet pronounced as a new group. The work of the
crow is pronounced as a new group.

...d number of ...
...d number of ...
...d number of ...

